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SLAVERY'S LAST WORD.

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DISCOURSE

PREACHED IN THE SOUTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,

MIDDLETOWN, CT.,

ON THE SABBATH MORNING AFTER THE

Assassination of President Lincoln.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS,
CITY OF WASHINGTON.

BY

JOHN L. DUDLEY,

PASTOR OF THE CHURCH.

MIDDLETOWN:
D. BARNES.
1865.

Middletown, April 20th, 1865.

Rev. J. L. Dudley,

Dear Sir—We were so very much delighted with the patriotic and truly Christian sermon you preached on Sunday morning last, that we are very desirous that others should share the pleasure it afforded us, and at the same time profit by the sound doctrine you so ably supported on that occasion. This induces us to ask a copy of the discourse for the press. By acceding to our request, you will very much oblige,

Yours Respectfully,

BENJAMIN DOUGLAS,
A. B. CALEF,
J. N. CAMP,
M. B. COPELAND,
C. R. GILMAN,
G. H. HULBERT,
W. W. WILCOX,
JNO. M. DOUGLAS,
H. S. WHITE.

Middletown, April 24th, 1865.

Gentlemen—The discourse of which you ask a copy, was purely extemporaneous, spoken at the solemn call of the hour.

If I can reproduce it in manuscript form, it shall be submitted to your discretion at my earliest convenience.

Very truly yours,

J. L. DUDLEY.

To Hon. B. Douglas, Dr. C. R. Gilman, H. S. White, Esq., and others.

DISCOURSE.

ISAIAH, 24: 11.

ALL JOY IS DARKENED; THE MIRTH OF THE LAND IS GONE.

THIS is the refrain of every heart in this tearful presence this morning—the speechless lament on the quivering lip of the whole community—the muffled echo of the deep, heavy pulse of woe that throbs at the heart of the nation.

A terrible thing has come upon the land!—an awful darkness suddenly shrouded it. The people stand chilled in horror!—pierced, to the life, by an unutterable grief. Mourning is everywhere—in the streets—in the air. I hear it in the bell-toll,—see it on the mute lip of these sable drapings of woe. The light of the blessed morning seems charged with its burden. Not only is it in the Capitol, so hushed and awe-stricken; but by every fireside in the land—in every solitary heart. There is no tongue to speak aught else—there is no ear for any other word.

Our venerated President is no more! ABRAHAM LINCOLN, the wise, the pure, the noble, the true, is dead!

Still in his shroud this morning, lies the Chief Magistrate at Washington. He fell by the hand of an assassin on Friday night, in an hour of respite from crushing care, unsuspecting and defenceless. A dastardly fiend in human shape slew him. The mildest of men, the most lenient of living rulers, was murdered, deliberately shot, while in company with his family, by an infamous outlaw, instigated by devils. The loved and trusted leader in our troubles,—the terror of rebels, the discomfiture of treason,—fell a victim to the foul plot that has been seeking to murder the nation for the bloody years just past.

This thing is a crime whose baseness language lacks terms to name. The fiendish purposes that inspired it are more execrable than any that have invoked the scorn of mankind in our past history. There is an audacity of infamy in it, all things considered, that seeks, among the nations of the earth, a parallel in vain. Tyrants have sometimes quickly gone down, because they were tyrants. Grinding vassalage and studied cruelties have become their own executioners, in recoiling vengeance quickly meted out. But here comes the skulking assassin with his cowardly poniard to strike at the heart of charity itself,—with deadly malice he comes, aiming at a life whose forgiving magnanimity towards blood-thirsty foes, became the marvel of the age,—with fallen hate and infernal inspiration that relieve the blackness of hell itself. This is the last lurid flame from the burnings of defeated treason, the mean stab in the dark of humiliated insolence, the final desperate deed of an expiring barbarism.

And as if this were not enough to damn to eternal infamy the schemes of treason, of which the assassin's deed is the black culmination, the dastardly creature must needs adorn his chivalric tale by invading the sanctities and tearful assiduities of private life, skulking under the cover of night-time, into the sick chamber of a wounded and apparently dying man, that he may stab his body there upon his bed.

O bright, consummate flower of heroic stem!—the toil of centuries from boastful stock, the last and *divinest* of heaven's planting,—we take thy blossom, nay, we take thy fruit, and in the alembic of God untwine the dark fibre of thy crimson pedigree, and find the root and seed thereof in the putrid hell of Slavery! Here are the dregs of the elect institution, its final product. Throwing aside all disguises, it presents the manhood it has been able to produce after a toil of two hundred and fifty years, a finished specimen of the civilization it has commissioned treason to establish upon the ruins of your wise and beneficent government.

It would be a strange forgetfulness of the proprieties and decencies of our most holy religion, if we should fail to bring this great sorrow to its altars and its sanctuaries, and here bow in solemn recognition of that God who thus speaks to us in his providence. God gives us our texts from that scroll which he is unrolling in the lives of individuals and the history of nations, as truly as from the inspired lips of Apostle and Seer. An offence to heaven should we be this morning, were we to shut out

from our hearts and our public services the solemn lesson which comes to us in this fearful calamity. The people that can do this, and then seek to hide their dereliction behind the sacredness of the day and the place, betray and dishonor the very God and religion whose name they assume to bear. The nation which rules God out of its life, and shuts the door in his face as he comes bringing sermons, and admonitions and solemn lessons to its faith, digs its own grave. Let us bring this mourning to our public altars and into our closets; let us take it into the holy of holies and ask God what it means. We invoke the sprinklings of mercy upon these tears, that there come forth healing from their bitter ministry. We put our lament into psalm, and hymn, and prayer, and reverent speech before God,—till the judicial darkness be lifted away.

It is not my purpose to dwell upon this diabolical crime at length this morning. The character of it is infamous, obviously. At this moment, as the news just bursts upon us, it is too early, in advance of the facts, to set forth its full character, in all the dark complications and extensive bearings it involves. Waiving, therefore, this, which will claim another hour, we may yield to such reflections as at once suggest themselves.

1. And first, we note the *contrast* between the emotions that were so mighty on the last Sabbath, and the tides of feeling in the soul still more mighty to-day. Then one rushing wave of joy swept over the nation;

now the wave comes rolling back, changed into blackness and death, and we are drowned in woe. One short week only has intervened. In common with all the sanctuaries of the land, which acknowledge God in providence, we struck our notes of jubilee and thanksgiving unto the Ruler and Disposer of events, that the defiant Rebel Capital, the centre and symbol of the whole conspiracy, had fallen! Even then, in the sacred hour of our joy, the main army of the insurgents had capitulated, and we had to wait only till the morning dispatches for the news. The death knell of the rebellion was then sounded. Then joy shot through the heart of the people like electric fire. It leaped in every pulse, it sparkled in every suffused eye. Bells rang it out, flags flung it to the winds, old men wept it, and children rushed from the school-house delirious with the sacred ecstacy, into the streets. The long woe was ending. Congratulations re-clasped the brotherhood of patriotism, and told how deep and dear was the love of country. We thought the war was over, and breathed long and free again, under the certain prospect of peace.

But in an evil hour, in the twinkling of an eye, the quick contractile heart of the nation leaped in one convulsive rebound of agony, and stood still, transfixed with horror! The light elastic pulse of joy sunk down to the deep, heavy throb of death. The land was dumb, the people staggered to and fro in bewilderment, the stoutest were stunned and speechless, from a shocking and overwhelming crime, unparalleled in the deeds of

darkness. Men were appalled and stood aghast at the murder of the Chief Magistrate of the nation, for they knew not what might be next. Calamity quickly gave place to the most direful apprehensions. It was the grave of the nation, on that terrible night, that seemed to open by the dead form of its Chief. There is a pestilence that walketh in darkness, and destruction that wasteth at noon-day. And yet these are pale and ineffectual shades, compared with the dread and infamy that deepen the dye of this murderer's deed. In life, we are ever reminded, we are in the midst of death. The brightest hour that is on us, may be already laving its feet in the shadow of the grave.

2. But the *greatness* of our loss presses quickly upon the thought. Aside from the fact that the assassin's victim is the President himself, the official embodiment and central function of the government; in addition to the most evident truth that he was a providential man, raised up by God for the special work he so signally performed, the national calamity derives additional magnitude from the consideration that we are just at a critical turning point in the fortunes of our life-and-death struggle with treason—a point where the firmest hand and the steadiest brain are required. Just in the height and power of the storm, while rocking and plunging among the billows of its fury, the military power of the rebellion is seen to break and give way, and a new point in our course is to be taken among the shallows and rocks of

political issues. Exactly here is demanded the pilotage of consummate statesmanship. The strategy of treason in diplomacy is more perilous than the strategy of treason in arms. In the first the Devil is at home—in the last not always. Just at this crisis, with his grasp firmly upon the vitals of the monster treason, all eyes were eagerly turned to the glorious leader, whom the people had learned implicitly to trust, and whom they had just re-consecrated to a second term, for the finishing up of the work so successfully prosecuted. He was to establish the nation, reclaimed, regenerated, upon the enduring foundations of order, righteousness and peace.

But alas! just as the tide was turning, the strong arm, the cool head, the great true heart, are stricken down. This morning the country stands aghast, poised and perilled on the giddy edge of destruction! Frightful anarchy stares it in the face! Indefinite shapes of horror haunt the apprehensions of every soul. By the turn of an hour, all government may cease in the simultaneous destruction of its co-ordinate functions, leaving the demon revolution to seize and bear on the bloody wreck at his will. The blade of the assassin flashes out from the darkness everywhere. This is the horror that freezes all life upon the instant. And yet let us not forget that there is a God that rules, and that his wisdom is mightier than all the subtlety of murderous fiends. Even here it is not for us to say, that the springs of a new life have not been already touched, and of a new dominion, that shall not only sink beneath the wreck of his own infernal

schemes, the malign foe in destruction utter, but bear the nation on to a deliverance most signal, and plant it in peerless renown, beyond the shock of treason or the machinations of alien hate. If God so wills it, this very peril may be the occasion upon which the hidden safety shall be disclosed,—the last fiery gateway through which our hopes pass, into security and strength eternal.

3. But count it no *strange* thing that this deed of darkness should have been committed at this time. Why not? What is there unnatural about it? I mean out of the ordinary connections of cause and effect? An inspiration that is infernal enough to organize a conspiracy to overthrow this government, for the purpose of establishing on its ruins the odious and sodomizing empire of Slavery, is bad enough, and mean enough, to be a cowardly assassin. A purpose that is born of perjury, baptized in treason, and confirmed in blood and murder as its sacramental grace, is eligible to any master stroke in the dastard's vocation; and could skulk behind your noble President and shoot him without a warning, as naturally as it can whip its helpless women and sell its own children. A set of men, an institution, a cause, base enough to fire on an unarmed vessel bearing supplies to a starving garrison of its own government; base enough to starve sixty thousand men to death, or idiocy, as a military policy; base and barbarous enough to carve out of the bones of your own sons trinkets to be sported by the feminine refinement it deifies; is base, and barbarous, and

fiendish enough, not only to assassinate the most estimable man that ever adorned the magistracy of any people, but to seek the couch of a wounded, helpless Minister of State, for the sake of despatching him in that condition.

When you count up the tears and the graves of the last four years, it will appear that the South, in this rebellion, have accomplished *something;* take into account, also, what I have already suggested as characteristic of their civilization, and after all this, it was not to be doubted that they possessed undeveloped capacities. While my faith has not wavered for a moment, in the ultimate triumph of the nation over treason, the conviction has nevertheless haunted me from the first, and deepened day by day, that when this vaunting insolence should lick the dust for the last time, it would signal its exit by something worthy of its nature. It would lay in ashes New York perhaps, or Boston, or Philadelphia, or Washington; peradventure all. It would sack your towns and villages; it would rob the graves of your noblest heroes, or steal your little children from their cradles and impale them upon the sharpened limbs of trees, like the savages of the olden time. Something of this kind I was sure would be done to immortalize the vaunted superiority of their peculiar civilization, and make Northern sympathizers know what they had lost by the failure of secession.

But alas! not even from such dark dyes was the final picture to be painted. A depth of coloring must yet be

brought to the passing panorama, not compassed. In the pit of hell, where the anointed villain dipped his pencil on that tragic night, and shouted with sulphurous breath, "*Now is the South avenged*," that color came, and the picture was done. Treason had accomplished now, something *worthy* of itself.

If this execrable insurrection needed the polishing and the setting of one more jewel in its black diadem of infamy, it got it on that Friday night. If no prayer had been sufficient to invoke the scorn and contempt of posterity upon the ghastly nakedness of Southern barbarism, the prevailing petition went up that night. If the high-born chivalry, and boasted heroism, and social preeminence of a pitiable slaveholding oligarchy, had failed to make proof of themselves in the clank of chains; in the auction block; in the cry of womanhood from out of the sacred munitions of nature; in the burning of black men alive for amusement; in the bowie-knife and bludgeon on the floor of Congress; in damaged Northern manhood bought and sold like sheep and asses; in the leprous poison injected up into the very blood of religion, whose slimy trail is even now visible upon our Northern altars; if all these failed, then this last born of the patriarchic civilization, the Benjamin of the "*divine*" dynasty, wipes out the failure, and the South stands vindicated under her own self-pronounced verdict! That dark, damning night, closed the testimony. The foul lie of the nineteenth century which puts treason for loyalty; slavery for liberty; insolence for a gentleman; and cattle

for men; has scored its name, chronicled its achievements, recorded its defeat, and cut its epitaph, in four infamous words: *Coward*, *Traitor*, *Assassin*, *Fiend.*

But let us thank God, however costly the gain, for this dying confession of the monster *Slavery.* We now know how bad it is. There are no disguises after this. The pit is uncapped.

4. But be not deceived. This atrocious crime is no *isolated*, *personal* act. Be assured that it has *wide* relations, that it is but one sign, cropping out of the darkness, of a deep, infernal plot, the extent of which no man can tell. Waste not the sum of your indignation upon the poor contemptible tool who did the diabolical deed. He is only more ostentatious, but not more contemptible, than any other tool of the same masters. The fact that the life of the Secretary of State was attempted simultaneously with that of the President, is a significant suggestion of an organized scheme to take the lives of many men in high places, and thus paralyze the government. Be not surprised if ere long it should come to light, that the parts had been already assigned, the victims designated, the agents secured for this infernal work of a general massacre. The plot is Catilinian in its proportions. The base men of the Republic are in it, the Lucifers, doubtless, of the rebellion. There is concert in the plan. You know not who share the secrets. Whenever you find sympathy, apology, connivance, indifference, even, towards this damning deed, open or

disguised, you have the best of reasons for suspicion. It is not certain that your own life and safety are beyond the scope of these hidden designs. The master fiend may sit at the centre of his "Golden Circle," and telegraph instantly his infernal purposes, to the outermost fibre of his web. Any man who is bad enough to take secret pleasure in the assassin's work, is not too good to be held responsible for it. In open fight, treason has failed. What the "*gentlemen*" of the plantations could not do by armies, they will now seek to accomplish by the arts of villains, cut-throats and outlaws. It is in keeping with the firing of Charleston and Richmond with their own hands, upon being forced to surrender them, thereby causing the inhuman sacrifice of unoffending citizens; it is in keeping with the shipping of infected clothing to New York, for the purpose of spreading deadly pestilence in the city they had failed to burn. This is the second stage of the war, the final campaign of the Southern Rebellion. From the flourish of trumpets under which it marched out into the open field, putting its own life into the wager, and purposing to cover itself with the glories of victory or an honorable grave, it has sunk to the secret whisper of the midnight assassin, the stealthy tread of the murderer of innocent and defenceless individuals. This is the final chapter in the history of a rotten dynasty, whose boast has ever been that it was too honorable and too high-born to live with the men of the North; the final act of a bloody crusade, whose only purpose has ever been to rule or

ruin. Thank God that you have stripped it of its masks, that its hideous loathsomeness has at last been dragged out into open day.

5. Another thing I think we may be ready to accept as settled by this bloody tragedy, and that is: there is to be *no more treason at the North, spoken or acted.* This fiendish stroke of perfidy and infamy, the cowardly assassination of the Chief Magistrate of the Republic, is enough to seal the lips of any man, worthy the name of American citizen, forever, against any word, or even thought of sympathy or apology for the purposes or works of traitors henceforth. The man who insults an outraged nation hereafter by foul treasonable words is not fit to live. The man who at the North, openly acknowledges gratification at this deed of devils, is no better than the guilty wretches who devised and executed it. He thereby confesses complicity with the act, and makes himself an accomplice. Such a man is entitled to no protection at the hands of the civilized community he disgraces. If after this, there be anything along your streets in human shape, from whom self-respect, long steeped in sympathy with perjury and treason, has so far perished as to be conscious of secret gratification at a thing so vile, then let him not complain that he is branded with the mark that so justly belongs to him, and spurned and shunned as he deserves to be. All who prize decency for themselves or their children,

or regard such wickedness as unfit for men, will be swift to escape its associations.

Most unquestionably it will come to this. Men will be proved. The eyes, even of the blind, will be opened. From this hour the nation must be purged. No party will dare identify itself with such infamy, hoping to live. The foulness of it cannot longer find harbor in the folds of any institution. No trade above the pirate's policy, will risk the damage of profiting by it; and no respectable church, standing upon a higher fidelity than neutrality between God and the Devil, will give it asylum, or be dumb in its presence. Even burglars and bloody eyes of the ring, will feign a virtue fairer than this dark boast; and only what needs but to be known, to be outlawed, and exiled from men, will be left as its pitiable memorial. Northern sympathy has had a great deal to do in nourishing this viper's fang to fatal audacity. It must stop here, or meet the doom it invokes.

6. And so must *pity for criminals cease.* No more wasted tears, cries out this heart-blood of the nation; no more misapplied generosity for conquered parricides; an end to false leniency, and a glossing over of treason misnamed magnanimity. There is magic force in the cry of magnanimity to the fallen. In the exultant ebullition of our joy, we were becoming willing to connive at wickedness in a universal pardon. We were almost ready, a week ago, to welcome arch rebels to princely ovations. But this had been a more fatal stab at the vitals

of the nation than that which has struck down our glorious President. False compassion for criminals is a premium upon crime. When infamous traitors convulse the land in civil war, and stab beneficent government for ends more odious than treason itself, and then are permitted to grace your hospitality instead of the gallows, farewell to all order, government and social stability. Mercy was never meant to betray justice. Justice betrayed is rottenness in the bones of our strength. Treason is the highest crime named in our civil code. To wink at it is to crown it. Demoralization, political debility and death, will strike us to the heart, in the very hour of our victory, if we are to pave the way with our garments and our hosannas, for this heaven-daring crime to return to the embrace of our fellowship. *We* become the traitors, —traitors to liberty, to man, and to the eternal sceptre, if we do this.

In this solemn hour, this tearful, heart-broken hour of the nation, I seem to see a divine intent to dry up all fountains of false sympathy, and to bring the land to a proper sense of duty, that it may be snatched from a defeat, more ignominious in the end, than that by cannon, and sword, and fire. Not vengeance do we hear, but a truce to all parley with armed treason, with skulking assassins, perjured villainy and bankrupt honor, crying out from the now still lips and the charity-loving heart of the murdered President at Washington.

7. And not only with armed treason, but treason disarmed, make no treaty. Perjury to-day is perjury to-morrow; *treason defeated is treason still.* It may be held in subjection by the strong arm of power, but that does not change its nature. Let it be defeated in the field, it will exchange the thunderbolt of war for the knife of the assassin. Treason and perjury are the wreck of all honor, the wreck of all manliness. The high, noble elements of humanity are degraded by these crimes; honor perishes, faith perishes, truth perishes. You cannot trust such men. When the traitor comes in, the man goes out forever. The apostle was no longer, after the Judas of the soul took the throne. Benedict Arnold was but a suicide's epitaph, wandering through the earth, the scorn and contempt of the very nations he had sold himself to. The fallen genius that had been seeking to murder your government for four years has lost none of its fell animus in its immediate overthrow, and will be just as ready to spring its mine hereafter, if it can compass the opportunity, as it has been heretofore. Its purpose is as persistent as it is infamous and deadly. If, after to-day, the nation can be deceived by the falseness of men whose deeds and purposes have earned them exemption from honorable liabilities, then God doubtless will give us some more effectual lessons; for we will yet dare to believe that he has designs of salvation for the land.

Such are some of the more obvious suggestions, arising out of this shocking wickedness, upon the first thought.

So far as the vile purposes of treason can accomplish it, law, liberty and Christian civilization lie dead in the Capitol to-day, stricken down by an assassin more base and abhorrent than that which slew Cæsar in the Senate House of Rome—foully stricken in the person of the Chief Magistrate, the honored head of devoted millions. Universal Liberty is mourner. A thousand broken shackles and countless millions of bruised hopes lie bathed in tears to-day. So far as man can accomplish the work of fiends, arrayed in his fallen malice, he has done it in this sacrifice. But ah! the power of man is limited; the bounds of wrath are measured and meted out. Treason can kill the body, but cannot kill the soul. It can dash to dust the symbol and hide it in the grave; but after that treason has no more power. Liberty herself is an imperishable inspiration in the world. Truth, like its author, lives forever. Martyrs die, but principles are immortal. The Sanhedrims and dynasties of hate and tyranny spot the history of the world with their black records. They have crucified and buried the prophets that unsealed the purposes of eternity; and suborned the powers of darkness to guard the sepulchre's mouth. But on some third day God's angel unlocked the grave, and the dead came forth re-grasping the fallen sceptre, thenceforth to rule forever more.

In the light of the past I seem already to be reading the dark, terrible tragedy that spreads gloom over the present. The death of the Son of God regenerated the world, and founded the commonwealth of glory.

From his tomb sprang forth apostles and saintly men, and a power stood upon the earth, that, in this bright century, girdles it. The haughty arrogance and blind insolence which made treason their ally, and hate and lies, for the death of God's truth, sleeps in contempt abiding.

Abraham Lincoln, though dead, yet lives and speaks,—lives and shall live so long as goodness has a name, or nobleness deserves mention. He shall live in the fame of the country he has saved and led up to a grandeur, peerless, to-day, among the nations of the earth. He shall live in the grateful homage of men wherever liberty is spoken, or humanity counted sacred, or justice commands reverence, or mercy wins a tear. He shall live in true nobility of manhood yet to bless the future. So long as God's signet and sign-manual shall distinguish true excellence from gilded spuriousness, and hollow pretence; while a chain clanks, or tyrant remembers humiliation, or lives to hate or to blush in retributive shame, Abraham Lincoln shall live and be a power in the earth.

If he had done his work—in the wise counsels of heaven that is known—if the day and the destiny were fulfilled, it were well done,—beautifully, grandly done. It may be that his work was *all* done. God permits no instrument to be laid aside, so long as it is needful in his plans. The renowned Patriarch and Leader of old stood upon Nebo's height, and there in bright vision saw life completed, crowned by memory and hope. The Moses of our Exodus saw the nation out of bondage, past the

river, through the wilderness, the oppressor dethroned, his purposes crushed, the arch defiant traitor himself lick the dust, and then, quickly, from the pinnacle of victory, God took him to glory.

It may be that the nation needed a tonic just here. Success has its dangers, as well as failures. A deep, uncontrollable impulse of joy sometimes debilitates. We were possibly in danger of sliding down from that tone of judicial vigor essential to carry through to a most healthful completion, the interests of law, government and civilization we had undertaken to maintain. Meanness and treachery had dared our patriotism and heroism to meet them in the field. They were defeated. It may be that we needed still to be stung into a full sense of how dark and how damnable this accursed hate of treason is; how utterly false, infernal and persistent in its nature; and that in this one fell stroke of its blind despair, God has permitted it to sign its own death-warrant, and brought the sense of the nation to an executive efficiency that shall *stand* and do its appointed work. The day of reprieves and of commutations is past. The heart of the lamented President was devising liberal things, even for outlaws. They killed him. They have invoked another judge; let them abide their choice. If it be the will of Heaven now again, as once it was, that the Canaanite, the Hittite, the Amorite and the whole tribe of political Ishmaelites be utterly and forever exterminated from the land, let that appointed work be done.

So let there be no misgiving. Stand firm beneath this

shock as under others. God has helped us hitherto. The wrath of man can praise him; after that it shall be stayed. When the stunning of the blow shall have passed, and time shall wipe away the blinding tear, we shall perceive that this last and most precious blood has cemented the nation. Having done all, stand; and have faith to accept it, that out of the mortal weakness of that fearful Friday night, shall be born a strength for us majestic as God. Ponder this inscrutable thing, asking God what it means. This at least, and first of all it means; turn to high heaven; put not your trust in princes. Cling to the higher arm with more vigor and persistence than ever. When the mighty fall, it is that He may have a place. Nations come to no crowns more than souls in light, save through their crosses. Receive the mantle of the God-fearing and the God-strengthened ruler, as it falls from his ascending life; take the color of the fallen standard-bearer, and with his own name blazing on it, bear it to the heights of victory, unsullied as his own pure love of country, mankind, and his God.

Violent as is the thought upon the bosom of our heart-broken sorrow to-day, it is nevertheless true, that there is jubilee to-day also. It is where mad spirits strike a new key in their hellish wails of discord and blasphemy. It is where the damned congregate for despatches from their accomplices in this world. Their black flags go up, and their fallen breath fumes up with sulphurous delight. Or wherever, on earth or in infernal regions, depraved spirits hold carnival over deeds of infamy, there at least

is secret satisfaction,—the leer malign, and putrid gloat of heart, if not of lip. In the sultry air of many an injured life, many a damaged soul, where native sweetness has long since perished, and flowers of beauty have forgotten to bloom, the dews of sympathetic treason have deposited themselves, and the stench of this horrible murder rises as a grateful incense. To the honor of human nature be it said, there can be found, even in the South, men in whom this taint of moral prostitution does not exist. There are some rebel *uniforms* even, that would scorn to embosom it. How infinitely more contemptible then, is an un-uniformed man, if he be in your own community, sufficiently on the grade of such deeds to find pleasure in them. Men sometimes lose the grace of hypocrisy. It would seem that considerations of decency and prudence might lead them to disguise their shame, if not for their own sakes, certainly for their children's. And yet there is a terrible chemistry in the providence of God, which not only liberates and lets up into sunshine and bloom the hidden sweetness of society, but no less certainly precipitates to the bottom the dark feculent sediment circulating therein. Aside from this last element, the assassin's deed will find no affinities. So even here the interests of truth are subserved.

It is a grateful mitigation of this sore affliction, that wherever there is anything noble and true, and pure to-day; any high sentiment surviving the wrecks of honor and faith; anything strong, elevated, incorruptible in man, lofty, pure and beautiful in woman, there are

tears and woes, and sobbing laments. Our broken joys seem mended in part when the good mourn with us. Virtue, Religion, Patriotism, Humanity, drop the signs of mirth and gladness, and put on the weeds of woe this hour. The nation is in tears. The country is heart-broken. The homes of the people feel bereavement, personal, touching, and they are still. The lowly and the down-trodden lay their own heart upon the bier of the good man, and millions from the wailing and praying nations afar, fling their withered hopes upon the cold form of him they had learned to love and had crowned with their homage. And history stands ready to sprinkle these sorrows at her hallowed fountains, and inurn the name of the remarkable man, whose fall is this day the nation's lament.

There is one group, one home, one heart, of woe at the Capitol this morning, from which we may not lift the curtain, by even the tenderness of our bleeding sympathies. The God of all mercy still the storm there, and hide beneath his own blood-sprinkled compassion, anguish, unspoken and unspeakable, till the night be over past!

From this bridal of blood, may the land come forth, wedded to a future, whose glory shall stand pledged to chisel in eternal scorn, the infamy that has caused this great sacrifice; and fling back from its starry crown a radiance that shall burn as heaven's diadem, upon the brow of him who ushered in the auspicious day, at the price of his own life.

In this solemn hour, trembling on the dim line between the perils of the past and the perils of the future, may the nation take the great hand of God, and through a trust deeper than ever, be enabled to say: "Thy will be done." The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice. Standing beside her murdered President, may she look up and say: "Help, Lord, when the godly cease, when the faithful fail from among the children of men. Raise up the strong and the wise that shall take the place of fallen leadership,—the true, the mighty and the God-fearing, who shall take thy hand, O King of kings, and go forward in this way without faltering. *Stand by him upon whom the cares and burdens of a nation now fall first; and if there be infirmity still lingering near him, touched by the potent spell of this hour, grant that it flee forever away.*"

It is an hour for vows, an hour for solemn consecration to duty; for the joining of hands; for the taking of the sacrament of a new gospel of civil liberty. We stand not upon thresholds of weakness, friends, but of power. This terrible violence, if we read by God's light, opens the gates of sublime opportunities. A new era dawns. The war is ended doubtless. From this moment we have new work to perform, and need the stimulus of new and peculiar inspirations. I think they come dashing upon us in the waves of this terrible outrage. Hereafter liberty, and Christian civilization in its largest sense, will bring into their service new allies. Our countrymen know better to-day the difficulties they are to encounter

in accomplishing the work providence has committed to their hands. American civilization must stand upon MAN, as man,—his rights, privileges and duties, and not upon classes and castes. It must work by hope more than by memory; laying its foundations deep in the light and truth of eternal principles, rather than in the mutable quicksands of accident and prerogative.

Take the cup of chastening then, with the cup of blessing. Thank God for what will ever be a nobleness and a tenderness in the nation's memory. Ere another Sabbath shall come, we shall follow all that is mortal of ABRAHAM LINCOLN to the tomb. His countrymen, in common with great multitudes among the nations of the earth, waiting for the fulfillment of the promise, toiling for the triumph of great and beneficent principles, wherever man has an abode, will go to their work more hopefully, and gather fresh inspiration and faith, as they shall stand in the days to come, by the grave of the great EMANCIPATOR.

Men die, but nations live, and duty is eternal. We bid farewell to the earthly life of the man, who had lived to earn the heart of an empire. In the wonderful methods of God, an imperishable grief *must* be fertile, not sterile. The mellow days will come, following this sharp poignancy, in which shall begin to bud and bloom forth the deep, hidden meaning of this inscrutable hour. Its fruit shall be perennial, gladdening the hearts of unborn millions, as the ages roll down their circuits, and goodness brings stars to her crown.

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